4?

London, August 1, 1846.

My Dear Helen:

23 I am filled with consternation — with sorrow — with anguish. The steamer has returned from Liverpool, carrying no letter from me to you, or to any one else! What will you think of me? How great will be your disappointment! I anticipate you in the shedding of tears. The way in which this calamity happened was this. I had completed the letter to you, which you will receive with this, dated Liverpool, excepting some half a dozen lines, and just before leaving for London, when my good friend Richard D. Webb, wishing me to go with him to a particular place, assured me that I could finish the letter in London, and send it by the morning train to Liverpool, in season for the steamer, as he had ascertained that such was the arrangement made between the two places. It seems he was misled by false information. I finished the letter to you, and wrote another to Edmund Quincy, ~~and~~ sent it to the London Post Office at an early hour in the morning; but the letters came back,

with the tidings on the part of the leaver, that no mail goes to-day for the steamer. This seems to me almost incredible, because there is ample time for the mail to reach Liverpool, in season. But here are the letters! That to Edmund Quincy is not specially important; but this one to you, — you to whom hours must seem like days, and days like weeks, and weeks like months, — you, who, in consequence of the serious accident the Britannia encountered near Halifax, must feel intense anxiety to hear of my safe arrival in England, — is of as much value as the evidence of a loving and devoted heart, the fidelity and attachment of a fond husband and father. It is too much for me to imagine your feelings, on failing to get this epistle. I can realize, (because I know the strength of your love for me,) how your heart must leap to hear of the arrival of the steamer — with what impatience you must wait to have the mail assorted — with what loving confidence you must expect to get an epistle from me — and, hence, the joyous emotions that must possess your breast; but I dare not think of the shock, the grief, the astonishment, resulting from the announcement — "There is no letter from your husband!"

There is one thing that mitigates my grief, and will, to some extent, your own. R. D. Webb and H. C. Wright both fortunately mailed letters for Boston at Liverpool, announcing my safe arrival, and the fact that they were on the dock to embrace me as soon as I landed; so that you will be at ease, in regard to two most important points to you — to wit, my arrival and health. Be assured, there shall be no failure by the steamer on ~~the~~ 19th.

I am stopping at the house of my dear friend George Thompson, and shall make it my head quarters as long as I remain in London. His house is handsomely furnished, and very pleasantly located, having a yard in front, and also a spacious piece of ground in the rear of the house, with gravelled walks, &c. It is about three miles from the heart of the city, though, to an American eye, it is as much in the city as Pine-street is in Boston. Every thing is furnished for my accommodation, so that I lack nothing. To be once more with George, is a revival of days gone by. He is still the same loving, faithful friend — the same playful, mirthful, entertaining companion — the same modest, unpretending man — the same zealous and eloquent advocate — the same warm and sympathizing friend of suffering humanity — that he was eleven

years ago, when he was in our country.
I do not perceive that either time, or his
immense labors, have made any striking
change in his personal appearance. He
looks about as young as he did in the
U. S. He has fallen into one injurious
habit, and that is, the inordinate use
of snuff. Like all snuff-takers, he uses
it almost unconsciously. Of course, I
have some testimony against his box and
its contents. He has too much good sense
to take offence, and too much honesty to
attempt to extenuate his conduct; so he
simply smiles, and bears me with all
kindness. If I can induce him to give
up this habit, and sign or take the tee-
total pledge in regard to snuff, I shall
feel as if it were worth the trouble and
expense of coming to London; for, should
this habit continue to grow upon him,
it will seriously impair his voice, and
thus greatly injure him as a public speak-
er.

Dear wife, it now seems to me as
if I could never again be induced to be
separated from you for so long a time, or
by so wide an obstacle to our union as
the ocean. Whatever of yearning desire you
may feel to see and embrace me, be
assured it is fully reciprocated by

Your loving husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.